

This is as't should be, let me see the County:
I marrie go I say, and fetch him hither.

Now afore God, this reuerend holy Frier,
All our whole Cittie is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse will you goe with me into my Closet,
To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?

Mo. No not till Thursday, there's time enough.

Fa. Go Nurse, go with her,
Weele to Church to morrow.

Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.

Mo. We shall be short in our prouision,
Tis now neere night.

Fa. Tush, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:

Go thou to *Juliet*, helpe to decke vp her,
He not to bed to night, let me alone:

He play the huswife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe

To Countie *Paris*, to prepare him vp
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,

Since this same way-ward Gyrle is so reclaim'd.

Exeunt Father and Mother.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:

For I haue need of many Orysons,
To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,

Which well thou know'st, is croffe and full of sin.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you busie ho? need you my help?

Jul. No Madam, we haue cul'd such necessaries
As are behoouefull for our state to morrow:

So please you, let me now be left alone;
And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,

For I am sure, you haue your hands full all,
In this so sudden businesse.

Mo. Goodnight.
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

Exeunt.

Jul. Farewell:
God knows when we shall meete againe.

I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almost freezes vp the heate of fire:

He call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse, what should she do here?

My dismall Sceane, I needs must act alone:
Come Viall, what if this mixture do not worke at all?

No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there,
What if it be a poyson which the Frier

Subtily hath ministred to haue me dead,
Least in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is, and yet me thinks it should not,

For he hath still bene tried a holy man.
How, if when I am laid into the Tombe,

I wake before the time that *Romeo* comes,
Come to redeeme me? There's a fearefull point:

Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault?
To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,

And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I liue, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,

As in a Vaulte, an ancient receptacle,
Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones

Of all my buried Auncelors are packe,
Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but greene in earth,

Lies festring in his shrow'd, where as they say,
At some houres in the night, Spirits resort:

Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks like Mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them, run mad,

O if I walke, shall I not be distraught,
Inuironed with all these hideous feares,

And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?
And plucke the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrow'd?

And in this rage, with some great kinfmans bone,
As (with a club) dash out my desperate braines.

O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body

Vpon my Rapiers point: stay *Tybalt*, stay;
Romeo, *Romeo*, *Romeo*, here's drinke: I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the house, and Nurse.

Lady. Hold,
Take these keies, and fetch more spices Nurse.

Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie.
Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir,
The second Cocke hath Crow'd,

The Curfew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates; good *Angelica*,

Spare not for cost.
Nur. Go you Cot-queane, go,

Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.

Cap. No not a whit: what? I haue watcht ere now
All night for lesse cause, and nere bene sicke.

La. I you haue bin a Mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Cap. A ialous hood, a ialous hood,
Now fellow, what there?

Enter three or foure with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.

Cap. Make hast, make hast, firrah, fetch drier Logs.
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.

Fel. I haue a head sir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.

Cap. Masse and well said, a merrie horsen, ha,
Thou shalt be loggerhead; good Father, 'tis day.

Play Musicke.

The Countie will be here with Musicke straight,
For so he said he would, I heare him neere,

Nurse, wife, what ho? what Nurse I say?
Enter Nurse.

Go waken *Juliet*, go and trim her vp,
He go and chat with *Paris*: hic, make hast,

Make hast, the Bridegroome, he is come already:
Make hast I say.

Nur. Mistis, what Mistis? *Juliet*? Fast I warrant her she,
Why Lambe, why Lady, sic you sluggabed,

Why Loue I say? Madam, sweet heart: why Bride?
What not a word? You take your peniworths now.

Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest,

Thar you shall rest but little, God forgiue me:
Marrie and Amen: how sound is she a sleepe?

I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I let the Countie take you in your bed,

Heele fright you vp yfaith. Will it not be?
What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe?

I must needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady?
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead,

Oh weladay, that euer I was borne.
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord, my Lady?

Mo. What noise is heere? *Enter Mother.*

Nur. O lamentable day.

Mo. What is the matter?

Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day.

Mo. O me, O me, my Child, my onely life:
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:

Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring *Juliet* forth, her Lord is come.
Nur. Shee's dead: decess't, shee's dead: alacke the day.

M. Alacke the day, shee's dead, shee's dead, shee's dead.
Fa. Ha? Let me see her: out alas shee's cold,

Her blood is fild and her ioynts are stiffe:
Life and these lips haue long bene sep'rated:

Death lies on her like an vntimely frost
Vpon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nur. O Lamentable day!
Mo. O wofull time.

Fa. Death that hath rane her hence to make me waille,
Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me speake.

Enter Frier and the Countie.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?

Fa. Ready to go, but neuer to returne.
O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day,

Hath death laine with thy wife: there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowred by him.

Death is my Sonne in law, death is my Heire,
My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,

And leaue him all life liuing, all is death.
Pa. Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,

And doth it giue me such a sight as this?
Mo. Accur'd, vnhappy, wretched hatefull day,

Most miserable houre, that ere time saw
In lasting laboure of his Pilgrimage.

But one poore one, one poore and louing Child,
But one thing to reioyce and solace in,

And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.
Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,

Most lamentable day, most wofull day,
That euer euer, I did yet behold.

O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was scene so blacke a day as this:

O wofull day, O wofull day.
Pa. Beguil'd, diuorced, wronged, spighted, laine,

Most detestable death by thee beguil'd,
By cruell, cruell thee, quite ouerthrowne:

O loue, O life, not life, but loue in death.
Fa. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martir'd, kill'd,

Vncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now?
To murther, murther our solemnitie?

O Child, O Child, my soule, and not my Child,
Dead art thou, alacke my Child is dead,

And with my Child, my ioyes are buried.
Fri. Peace be for shame, confusions: Care liues not

In these confusions, heauen and your selfe should liue:
Had part in this faire Maid, now heauen hath all,

And all the better is it for the Maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,

But heauen keeps his part in eternall life:
The most you sought was her promotion,

For 'twas your heauen, she shouldst be aduanc'd,
And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduanc'd?

Above the Cloudes, as high as Heauen it selfe:
O in this loue, you loue your Child so ill,

That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
Shee's not well married, that liues married long,

But shee's best married, that dies married yong.
Drie vp your teares, and sticke your Rosemarie

On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is,
And in her best array beare her to Church:

For though some Nature bids all vs lament,
Yet Natures teares are Reasons merriment:

Fa. All things that we ordain'd Festiuall,
Turne from their office to blacke Funerall:

Our instruments to melancholy Bells,
Our wedding cheare, to a sad buriall Feast:

Our solemne Hymnes, to sullen Dyrges change:
Our Bridall flowers serue for a buried Coarse:

And all things change them to the contrarie.
Fri. Sir go you in, and Madam, go with him,

And go sir *Paris*, euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue:

The heauens do lowre vpon you, for some ill:
Moue them no more, by cressling their high will.

Exeunt.
Mu. Faith we may put vp our Pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honest goodfellowes: Ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitifull case.

Mu. I by my troth, the case may be amended.
Enter Peter.

Pet. Musitions, oh Musitions,
Hearts ease, hearts ease,

O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts ease.
Mu. Why hearts ease?

Pet. O Musitions,
Because my heart is selfe plaies, my heart is full.

Mu. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not then?

Mu. No.
Pet. I will then giue it you soundly.

Mu. What will you giue vs?
Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.

I will giue you the Minstrell.
Mu. Then will I giue you the Seruing creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the seruing Creatures Dagger
on your pate. I will carie no Crochets, He Re you, He Pa

you, do you note me?
Mu. And you Re vs, and Fa vs, you Note vs.

2. M. Pray you put vpon your Dagger,
And put out your wit.

Then haue at you with my wit.
Peter. I will drie-beate you with an yron wit,

And put vp my yron Dagger.
Answer me like men:

When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then Mu-
sickewith her siluer found.

Why siluer found? why Musicke with her siluer found?
what say you *Simon Carling*?

Mu. Mary sir, because siluer hath a sweet found.
Pet. Pratest, what say you *Hugh Rebecke*?

2. M. I say siluer found, because Musitions found for sil-
Pet. Pratest to, what say you *James Sound-Post*? (uer

3. M. Faith I know not what to say.
Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.

I will say for you, it is Musicke with her siluer found.